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CBC NEWSLETTER

for members of the Carolina Bird Club, Inc., ornithological society of the Carolinas

Volume 40 July/August 1994 Number 4

Fall Meeting Field Trips Announced

The fall meeting of the Carolina Bird Club will be held in Santee, SC, September 23-25, 1994. Headquarters will be the Ramada Inn.

A description of the field trips planned for this meeting and an advance registration form is included as an insert in the Newsletter. Deadline for field trip registration is **September 11**, so make your choices and mail your form to CBC headquarters today. Please remember that advance registration for both the meeting and for field trips allows better planning and improves your chances of getting on the trips of your choice. You will receive confirmation on your field trips when you pick up your registration packet during the registration period on Friday afternoon. Any field trip fees can be paid at that time.

For those coming in on Thursday, September 22, there will be some birding on your own suggestions at the front desk of the Ramada Inn if you wish to bird on Friday morning. You will need to provide your own snacks, lunch and drink if you register for one of the all day field trips on Saturday.

Registration for the meeting will begin at 3:00 p.m. on Friday, September 23, in the hospitality suite of the Ramada Inn (check at front desk for room number). The Friday evening program will begin at 8:00 p.m. in the Ramada Inn meeting room. Robin Carter, author of *Finding Birds in South Carolina*, will give a talk on the area's birds and birding sites. He will also have some of his books for sale. Following Robin's presentation, we will discuss Saturday's field trips. **Be sure to attend this meeting as field trip departure times and locations will be announced.** Also any last minute changes will be made at this time.

The Saturday evening meeting will begin at 8:00 p.m. in the meeting room of the Ramada Inn. There will be a guest speaker followed by a countdown of species seen during the field trips. Details on Sunday morning field trips also will be announced.

Room rates for the Ramada Inn are $40.00 single and $44.00 double occupancy, plus 7% sales tax. For reservations, use the form provided in the Newsletter or call (803) 854-2191. The deadline set by the Inn is August 15, but rooms may be available after this date. Other motels in the area are: Best Western Santee Inn (803) 854-3089, and Quality Inn-Clarks (803) 854-2141. Cabins and camping are available at Santee State Park (803) 854-2408.

The Ramada Inn is located off I 95 at exit 98. Northbound travelers will see the Inn on their right as they exit the interstate. Southbound travelers will see the Inn on their right after they exit the interstate and cross the overpass.

If you have questions about the meeting, contact Lex Glover at (803) 438-1703 evenings.

New officers elected at spring meeting at Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC (L to R) Donna Forsythe, C.L. (Buddy) Garrett, Jennifer Wren, Irvin Pitts, Jr.

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Warblers From Heaven

by Robert C. Williams

"You must go the the cemetery!" People kept telling me this as I birded my way from Cape May, New Jersey, through Brigantine NWR, and into Massachusetts. I was on the way to pick up my daughter from college. We were going to be coming back to North Carolina as fast as possible, so I wanted a more leisurely trip up to the Boston area. What better way than stopping by some of birding's "meccas" on the way to New England during spring migration. I had birded a few areas in eastern Massachusetts on previous trips but had not heard anything about a famous cemetery. Birders are usually quite willing to help a traveler in their area, but the first couple to mention Mount Auburn Cemetery didn't remember its name and just knew it was "around Boston somewhere." Once I got closer I found out it was in Cambridge about 1.5 miles from Harvard Square and quite famous for attracting warblers in migration. In fact, it was less than a mile from the motel I was already planning to use. Since it had been recommended by three birders in three different locations, I just had to go!

Yellow-rumped Warbler

With visions of being alone in a cemetery, I arrived at Mount Auburn about 7:15 a.m. on Thursday, May 12. I saw fifteen species of wood warblers from about 7:30 to 10:00 a.m., but I was from from by myself. There were at least fifty other birders there on a weekday morning, including some groups of six to ten led by members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. They were gracious enough to let me join them. Many were local birders, but some had driven in from miles away in the pre-dawn hours, and one was

Common Yellowthroat

even from Finland!

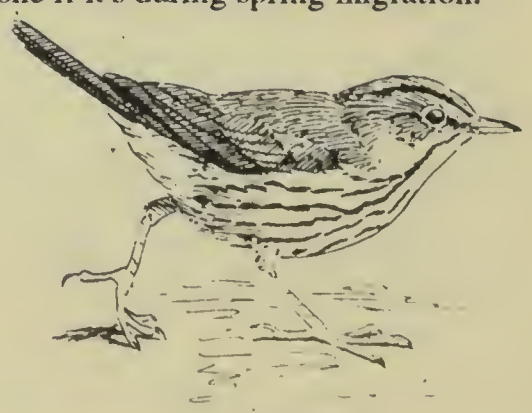
Mount Auburn Cemetery was founded in 1831 by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society as America's first garden cemetery. It encompasses 174 acres, has over ten miles of paved roads and paths, and contains 86,000 graves. This is the final resting place for many famous Americans including Louis Agassiz, Charles Bulfinch, Dorothea Dix, Mary Baker Eddy, Felix Frankfurter, Buckminster Fuller Oliver Wendel Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and James Russell Lowell.

Over the years there has been a bird committee to arrange the planting of numerous species of trees and shrubs especially to attract birds. They have done a marvelous job!

Of special interest to us are the famous birders interred there. Thomas M. Brewer (1814-1880), a friend of Nuttall and Audubon, wrote field notes from Mount Auburn describing the sighting of a Mourning Warbler in May, 1838. William Brewster (1851-1919) was the founder of the American Ornithologists' Union and first president of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. Ludlow Griscom (1890-1959), curator at the American Museum of Natural History and at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology, was noted for his expert identification of birds in the field without having to shoot them. Harriet Hemenway (1858-1960), one of the founders of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, led the fight to prevent the killing of thousands of birds to provide the millinery trade with feathers for ladies hats. There is an interesting article in the July, 1994, *Smithsonian* describing this campaign.

I wasn't fortunate enough to spot a Mourning Warbler like Thomas Brewer, but I did identify the following: Northern Parula, Chestnut-sided Warbler, Cape May Warbler, Black-throated Blue Warbler, Yellow-rumped Warbler, Black-throated Green Warbler, Blackburnian Warbler, Pine Warbler, Prairie Warbler, Bay-breasted Warbler, Blackpoll Warbler, Black-and-white Warbler, American Redstart, Ovenbird, and Common Yellowthroat. The total species count for three hours of birding was 43 with one life bird sighted--a flock of White-winged Crossbills were lingering in the cemetery, and they were new for me.

Mount Auburn Cemetery can be easily reached by public transportation. If you are staying in Boston, take the Red-line subway (Bostonians call it the "T") north to Harvard Square in Cambridge and change to the number 71 or 73 bus. The main entrance is on the south side of Mount Auburn Street just past the intersection with historic Brattle Street. If you are driving, parking is allowed along the roads in the cemetery. Look just inside the gates for a cemetery map and birding information. Both printed brochures and a chalkboard listing recent sightings are available. I saw more birds in the heart of a great metropolitan area in three hours than I had seen in a comparable period of time in any of the other locations visited on this trip. I hope that you get a chance to go there, but don't expect to be alone if it's during spring migration.



Ovenbird

Backyard Birding

with Frances J. Nelson

July 9, 1994...Backyard Birding is rather sparse this time because CJ and I haven't been home to backyard bird. We did have a nice trip although we didn't have much time for birding. We did see a Western Grebe, heard Black-capped Chickadees, and had Rose-breasted Grosbeaks nesting near our campsite in Minnesota. But the highlight has to be what has become my favorite bird--Scissor-tailed Flycatcher. They are such graceful aerialists that I gasp every time I see one take off after an insect. They, like many other species, are being depleted through urban development. We saw fewer than we did last year, but we saw enough of them to know they aren't endangered ...yet.

At home, we have our usual summer birds. The goldfinches are numerous and their colors seem brighter this year. Indigo Buntings continue to dine in our backyard, but we haven't seen our Blue Grosbeak since we returned. Our male Summer Tanager has finally learned the art of sitting on one of the perches to eat marvel meal. The female tried to teach him how last year, but he never got the hang of it. He still tries to hover at the hanging suet, however. It has to be the same bird who was here last summer because he has the same habits.

We have also had two Green Herons spending time on the pond. We have never had two at the same time before. One of them has gotten used to us, and we can get fairly close to him. One of these days I'll take my camera with me. The herons show up when we are outside, and I can't seem to remember to get the camera before we walk down to the pond.

Another first is that a young bluebird has begun bathing in our birdbath/fountain that sits about twenty feet from the front door. One afternoon, I noticed the young'un sitting on the edge of the bath. An adult male flew to the bench nearby and stared at the youngster. Finally, the adult got in the birdbath and took a bath. As soon as he left, the young one followed the example--a teaching lesson for sure. Now, maybe the young one will continue to use the birdbath and bring his brood by next year, unless a hawk gets him first.

Yesterday we watched a Sharpshin Hawk chase a House Finch all around the yard. The finch would swoop and dart around trees with the hawk staying right with her. They both finally flew off into the woods, so we don't know who won. We have had a Red-shouldered Hawk hanging around, too. He makes a pass over the pond daily about 5:00 p.m.

We have also been inundated with squirrels this year. Our flying squirrels show up every night, and we make sure we have seed in the feeder they like to use. The problem squirrels are the grays. We don't mind their eating--they're hungry, too--but they chew on the feeders. At least all they go after is seeds. Martha Frederick, Tryon, NC, watched a squirrel remove the bee guard from a hummer feeder and lap up the sugar water. So far we haven't had that problem. We have had a House Finch try to drink like a hummer, and chickadees drink regularly from the water-filled ant guards suspended above the feeders, but no squirrels have attacked the feeders.

My only other correspondence was from Dave Abraham, West Columbia, SC, who said wrens built a nest in his daughter's grass catcher for her lawn mower. The nest has given her a nice excuse not to mow. Birds are definitely our friends.

If some of you other friendly birders would just share your backyard birding experiences, this column would be more interesting: *1006 Dogwood Hill Lane, Wake Forest, NC 27587 (919) 528-2827.*

Afterthought: although we camped in an area know to be inhabited by Painted Buntings, we still have not seen one.

"Enthuiastic" Bird Club Meets at Kanuga

"This is the most enthusiastic bird club I've seen, and I see a lot of them!" was **Pete Dunne**'s response to a boisterous welcome by Carolina Bird Club members and guests gathered at the Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC. The spring meeting record breaking crowd of 214 registrants came from Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia and Oklahoma as well as the Carolinas to look for the resident birds of the North Carolina mountains and to hear the famous "low rent birder." He soon had them hushed and enthralled with his tale of a "small headed flycatcher." A true story? Who knows--or cares? It kept us on the edge of our seats for the better part of an hour, and when it was over, we longed for more.

Planned and executed to perfection by the Transylvania County Bird Club under the leadership of **Susan Mitchell**, **Jack Hudson** and **Becky Huggins**, the spring meeting was a success from the welcoming social in the lakeside Pavilion to the Sunday lunch prepared by the Kanuga staff. Saturday evening's countdown of 124 species led by **Jennifer Wren** indicated that field trip participants had paid attention to the bird identification instruction given by **Simon Thompson** during Friday evening's opening meeting. Of course the combination a local leader with one of the Club's more experienced birders for field trip leadership made a difference, too. This was another innovation, along with advance registration for field trips, initiated by the Transylvania County Bird Club which made for an outstanding meeting.

Pete Dunne discussed birding optics in special session at CBC spring meeting

Jasper and the Golden Crown

A Birding Tale

by

John S. Wright

This is a birding tale, not a fairy tale. But, like a fairy tale it has a few dragons and a tolerably happy ending (at least for the prince). Unlike a fairy tale, the prince and princess are already married and have been birding happily ever after for quite some time.

* * *

Jasper is not the name of our hero but the name of a large national park in the Canadian Rockies, on the border of Alberta and British Columbia. It contains, in my opinion, the most beautiful scenery to be seen in all the Rocky Mountains--somewhat like an expanded version of the Grand Tetons, with the added attraction of large permanent icefields and accessible glaciers. And although much of Jasper National Park is roadless wilderness, the area is very "user-friendly" and is a major destination for tourists. The town of Jasper, in the center of the park, caters to the needs of many thousands of tourists each summer (mainly July and August), and the nearby park campgrounds are spacious, attractive and have excellent facilities. If you decide you would like to come to Jasper to camp, you will enjoy your stay in Whistler's Campground. If you come to Jasper to stay in a lodge or motel, brings lots of money!

My wife, Paula, and I are school teachers, and have that glorious two months from early June until early August to invest in life list expansion and other serious pursuits. We told all who asked about our summer 1994 plans that we would be birding our way up to the Canadian Rockies as far north as Jasper. Those who inquired further were told that Jasper was the closest place to North Carolina where we could find Golden-crowned Sparrow during the breeding season. Golden-crowned was the last native North American sparrow which Paula and I had not yet seen.

There is an excellent little 72-page birding guide to Jasper available through the American Birding Association or in bookshops in Jasper. *Birding Jasper National Park* by Kevin Van Tighem is a must-buy item. However, to say that Jasper is not heavily birded is an understatement. During the week that we birded Jasper and its southern neighbor, Banff National Park, we saw no other birders. I suppose the reason Jasper is not heavily birded can be easily seen by looking at the range maps in your field guide. Some of the Southern Rockies birds don't come that far north, and many of the boreal forest birds of eastern and central Canada are found only farther east, in the lower elevations of Alberta. Most of the truly northern tundra species are found only farther north. But Golden-crowned Sparrow, we were told in print by Mr. Van Tighem, was fairly common at timberline in Jasper National Park.

As we found out, Golden-crowned Sparrow was definitely NOT fairly common. As Roy Richards, the local expert, explained over the phone as I was reviewing my "want list" with him: "Golden-crowned. . .you should have been here in April, I had one in my back yard. . .don't you have any easy birds you want to find?".

We had talked to Mr. Richards only after trying one of the locations in Banff which was described by another author as "reliable." This location might have been reliable a month later, but had been made at least temporarily unreliable by the accumulation of about three feet of late season snow. The trail was deeply covered but Paula and I trudged along it for some distance, listening for the Golden-crowned. What we heard were White-crowned Sparrow and Fox Sparrow, which, like the Golden-crowned, are timberline dwellers. The depth and slipperiness of the snow and ice became too much. We had met our first dragon and it nearly slew us before we turned back.

A little later that day we looked for Golden-crowned not far from the major tourist attraction, which is the Athabasca Glacier. After doing a little walking around on the glacier and taking slides for use with my earth science classes this fall, Paula and I did a little more walking in the timberline area nearby. No Golden-crowned, but we did hear and see several Brewer's Sparrows, the alpine race, which may be split into a new species in the near future.

After our talk with Roy Richards, we had narrowed down our Golden-crowned Sparrow locations to two possibilities. One, the Tonquin Valley, sounded great. We were told that the trail would not be very steep and that by one-and-a-half hours we would be in a small area of suitable habitat. Great! There was a minor problem. The Tonquin Valley was described as a major summer feeding area for Grizzly Bears. We wondered what Grizzly Bears like to eat in the summer and hoped that they were strict vegetarians.. I will admit that the trail provided one of the most beautiful walks we have ever taken, but we did have some concerns about the bears. We did a lot of talking, singing and whistling along the way to make sure that bears knew we were coming. A surprised Grizzly is not what we wanted to find around the next bend in the trail. What we did find was a trail somewhat steeper than advertised. Another dragon, but drag on we did. (I reminded Paula that the trail up the mountain in Big Bend for Colima Warbler was steeper and hotter.) After about two hours we reached the little patch of Golden-crowned habitat. With keen anticipation we listened for the distinctive song which, as Roy Richards had said, sounds like the first three notes of the old war tune "Over There." Sadly, there was no Golden-crowned Sparrow over there. All we heard besides juncos were the songs of White-throated Sparrows. (I will add that the White-throats in western Canada sing a rather different and inferior version of the "Old Sam Peabody" song we all know.) Yet another dragon in our path. But with a determination founded on ignorance we plunged ahead, certain that there would be better habitat for our bird farther on. It didn't turn out that way. We walked a total of about twelve miles on that path, and by the end, we had nothing to show for it but sore fee and

(continued on next page)

CBC Fall Field Trip

Congaree Swamp National Monument

Leader: Bob Wood

October 1, 1994

Limit: 15 Participants **Cost:** $20

A fall migrant trip to the Congaree Swamp National Monument (near Columbia, SC). After birding, we will drive over to nearby Wavering Place Gardens and Nursery for a box lunch and a lecture and demonstration on landscaping with native plants to attract wildlife. Cost of the trip includes the box lunch and soft drinks..

Meet at 7:00 a.m. at Williams Brice Stadium at the corner of Bluff Road (SC Hwy. 48) and George Rogers Boulevard in Columbia, SC, or at 8:00 a.m. at the Monument headquarters. The entrance to the Monument is reached by Road 734 (Old Bluff Road) off SC 48 southeast of Columbia.

There are numerous accomodation options in the Columbia area, and Bob Wood can give suggestions as well as trip details when you call to reserve space.

Registration: Contact Bob Wood at (803) 786-5186 evenings to reserve space. Mail registration form wit fee to CBC headquarters.

A Birding Tale

(continued from previous page)

"heard-only" White-winged Crossbills.

We relaxed the rest of the afternoon and early evening, birding out the windows of our truck. Getting in an out was just too painful for our sore backs, legs and feet. And because that day (June 23) marked the 31st anniversary of our falling in love, we decided to end the day with a little romance by watching the sun set over the mountains at beautiful Medicine Lake. Problem is, at 53 degrees north latitude, on the longest day of the year, the sun doesn't set until after 10:30 p.m. That's past my bedtime! Of course, we had more than romance in mind, since the Medicine Lake area is supposed to be the best area around for Boreal Owl, a decidedly nocturnal little owl. The sky was still pink with the fading glow of sunset at 11:30. At about midnight we finally gave up on the little owl and returned, quite exhausted, to our campground.

Falling asleep should have been easy. However, the prospect of getting up and out at 4:00 a.m. the next morning was on our minds. I worried whether I would hear the alarm on my watch, and whether I would have the courage to get up, and whether Paula would have the courage to get up. Neither of us slept very well. So it was with grim determination rather than joy that we crawled out of bed the next morning. The major decision about the day's activities had already been made. I would go alone this day up the trail to Signal Mountain, the last place we knew to look for the Golden-crowned Sparrow.

White-throated Sparrow

The reason was simple. We knew the trail to be a steep and unrelenting grade of over six miles that would climb more than 3500 feet. Paula's aching muscles needed a day of rest.

Paula drove me to the trailhead. By 5:00 a. m. I was on my way up, hopeful that Golden-crowned Sparrow would be singing for me when I reached its home at timberline. I was somewhat concerned about the numerous mounds of bear scat (excrement) in the middle of the trail, so I whistled and sang my way up. I also breathed hard and sweated a lot. I was in a rush to reach timberline early in the day. About 8:00 a.m. I came out onto a lush alpine meadow--soft like a carpet and covered with thick mosses and mats of wildflowers. In the wetter areas, dwarf willows only a few inches high bloomed in profusion. Their pussy-willow-like blooms were nearly as big as the rest of the plant. Here and there were clumps of Subalpine Fir, standing no more than five feet tall. The wind was surprisingly calm, making listening for bird songs very easy.

All across this vast meadow cam the calls and songs of American Pipits and an occasional Fox Sparrow. For a while I wondered if I would be successful, but finally, at 8:42 a.m. came the unmistakable "Oooh-ver-There" song of a Golden-crowned Sparrow. It is a very plaintive song, very similar in tempo and tonal quality to the familiar White-throated song which we hear each spring. I didn't see the bird, and for several minutes I listened as the sparrow, now more distant, moved from one perch to another, singing only sporadically. I moved into what I thought might be the center of its territory, sat on a rock and waited. Finally the singer returned, and for a few brief moments it perched and sang from a small fir only 30 feet away. The simple yet beautiful song, coming from that little bird with the bright yellow crown stripe, made the exertion of the climb worthwhile and clearly validated the wisdom of our journey to this beautiful corner of Alberta. It was with great relief that I walked on, triumphantly, to the summit of Signal Mountain. The panoramic view from the summit revealed the splendor of the many snow-capped and ice-bound peaks of the park. Below numerous small lakes and ponds formed a watery maze lining the broad valley of the Athabasca River.

I slew no dragons that day, but on the way down the mountain to meet my princess I did carve a notch on my "lucky" hiking stick and painted it with bright yellow from the petals of dandelion found along the way.

Raptor Extravaganza

On September 17 & 18, 1994, the Foothills Equestrian Nature Center, Inc. will be sponsoring a Raptor Extravaganza and Bird of Prey Weekend 9-5 each day at the FENCE Center, 500 Hunting Country Road, Tryon, NC. The weekend will include many activities including an ongoing hawkwatch on Hawk Hill adjacent to the FENCE Center, birds of prey from the Carolina Raptor Center in Charlotte, educational programs on animal adaptations, owl pellets and raptor videos. Slide presentations will feature Allen Boynton's Peregrine Program, Birds of Prey of North America and the Partners in Flight migratory bird program. Bird of prey rehabilitators will be present to explain their work and hands-on activities will include owl pellet dissection and up-close microscope work.

Many CBC members are planning to help with the different activities, and if others are interested in helping with this unique educational weekend in any capacity, they sould contact Simon Thompson at (704) 859-9021.

Panama Rainforest and Cloudforest Adventure

Simon Thompson, FENCE Nature Director, will be leading an adventure to Panama November 5-13, 1994. According to Simon, Panama is a very comfortable destination in Central America with convenient access to both rainforests and cloudforests and a wide variety of birds, including the Resplendent Quetzal.

For full details contact Simon Thompson at (704) 859-9021.

Rio Grande Valley Birding Festival

The first annual Rio Grande Valley Birding Festival will be held November 3-6, 1994, in Harlingen, Texas. Speakers include John Bax and John Tveten. There will also be sessions on photography, landscaping for birds, shorebirds, rarities of south Texas and Partners in Flight.

Field trips are secheduled to Santa Ana National Wildlife Refuge, Laguna Atascosa National Wioldlife Refuge, Brownsville, Bentsen State Park and Falcon Dam.

Registration is $25.00 in advance or $35.00 at the door. For more information or to register, call the Harlingen Chamer of Commerce at 1-800-531-7346 or write to PO Box 189, Harlingen, TX 78551.

Chip Notes

Rodent poisons may be killing pets, wildlife in form of birdseed

Some poisoning of dogs, cats and wildlife man not be malicious and deliberate but, instead, the unfortunate result of careless use of rat and mouse poison and other toxic products.

I have recently seen a product described as "rat bait" that appears to be a wild bird seen mixture impregnated with chemical poisons. The directions on the package state that the rat bait is for use in and around homes and other buildings.

The directions make it clear that "the treated baits must be placed in tamper-proof bait boxes or in locations not accessible to children, pets domestic animals or wildlife."

That is all well and good, but how many purchasers even read the directions and how many fewer follow them? Besides, the package gives no idea of what a tamper proof bait box is, or how it would be put together. At the very least, there should be a diagram of such a box.

If this bird-seed rat bait is thrown on the ground outside of homes and other buildings, one can well imagine how many birds and seed-eating animals might die. Our dog has been known to eat bird seeds, and I doubt that she is unique.

The truth is that Joe (or Jessie) Q. Public is very naive about the use of poisons. And I don't mean just one brand of rodent poison, I mean all of them, to say nothing of household chemicals and all the frightening concoctions used to douse lawns and gardens in the sacred name of perfection.

(The foregoing is a portion of the June 13, 1994 column "The Naturalist" written for the Lake Wales, Florida newspaper, *The Highlander*, by K. D. Morrison, CBC member from Balsam, NC and Babson Park, FL)

Stick-ons Stop Deaths

According to a May 24, 1994 article in the Raleigh, NC, newspaper, *The News & Observer*, workers and executives in the Carolinas headquarters of Nationwide Insurance Co. became concerned over the daily mortality of birds which smashed into a two-story, 70-foot-long bank of reflective windows facing a garden courtyard of their building. Charlie Broughton, manager of the company's document-control division, saw a migrating flock of Cedar Waxwings slam into the glass wall on Saturday last fall. Nine of 16 birds died of broken necks.

Broughton and several other bird-lovers at Nationwide--whose logo is an eagle in flight--heard about black plastic silhouettes of winged predators such as hawks and owls, which cling to windows. Songbirds veer away from the scary shapes, saving their necks.

The silhouettes were avaliable for about $3.00 each from local bird-supply shops, and the company bought seven of them. After two weeks the death toll was only two birds. "I wouldn't have believed this would work as well as it has," said office services manager Guy Dodson, who put up the silhouettes. "You could walk out there and see a spot of feathers where a bird had hit it. You don't see that anymore."

Mark Your Calendar

The CBC winter meeting will be held January 27-29, 1995, in Washington, NC.

CBC Rare Bird Alert

(704) 332-BIRD

Membership Application and Order Form

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____ Tel. ( )_____ ( )_____
(home) (business)

Enter/Renew Membership As Indicated

____Individual ($12)
____Family ($15)
____Student ($6)
____Affiliate Club ($15)
____Library/Institution ($15)
____Life ($200)
____Patron ($50)

Send Materials Indicated

____CBC Cloth arm patch $1.50 ea., $1.25 ea. in quantity
____CBC Decals (vinyl stick-on) $1.50 ea., $1.25 ea. in quantity
____Daily Checklists 10/$1.00, 25/$1.25, 50/$2.50, 75/$3.75 100/$5.00

Make check payable to Carolina Bird Club, Inc. and mail to PO Box 29555, Raleigh, NC 27626-0555

Registration Form
CBC Special Field Trips

Name(s)_____
(list each participant)
Address_____ City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Enclosed is my check in the amount of $_____for the following field trips: ____Congaree Swamp National Monument, October 1, 1994 ($20). I have called the appropriate trip leader to ensure that space is available.

Mail with check to Carolina Bird Club, Inc., PO Box 29555, Raleigh, NC 27626-0555

Registration Form
CBC Fall Meeting, September 23-25, 1994

Name(s)_____
(list each name for name tags)
Address_____ City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Enclosed is my check in the amount of $_____for _____member registrations at $4 each and _____nonmember registrations at $5 each. Registration at meeting will be $5 for members and $6 for nonmembers.

Mail with check to Carolina Bird Club, Inc., PO Box 29555, Raleigh, NC 27626-0555

Ramada Inn Reservation Form
Carolina Bird Club
Fall Meeting, September 23-25, 1994

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Please reserve _____single occupancy room(s) at $40 plus 7% tax per night and/or _____double occupancy room(s) at $44 plus 7% tax per night. Arrival _____ Departure_____. My check for the first night's lodging is enclosed.

Mail with deposit to Ramada Inn, PO Box 501, Santee, SC 29142 or call (803) 854-2191

Welcome New Members

Jon Ahlquist
Charleston, SC

Carter & Max Brown
North Augusta, SC

Mary Britt Cottle
Wilmington, NC

Brenda & William Dukes
Seneca, SC

Jerry Griggs
Columbia, SC

Loraine Severns Grubb
Raleigh, NC

Elizabeth Hansen
Raleigh, NC

Sandra Hickman
Cassatt, SC

Gail B. Ice
York, SC

Inge Larsen
Chapel Hill, NC

Ruth & Andy Mannich
Oxford, NC

Nicole McKay
Clemson, SC

Merilyn & Walter Roll
Camden, SC

Alan & Therese Schultz
West End, NC

Barbara & Toy Vick
Lancaster, SC

Robert M. Wilson
Asheville, NC

Deceased

E. E. Hansbrough
Asheville, NC

Theodore A. Beckett, III, 1919-1994

Few South Carolinians realize the impact Ted Beckett had on bird study in the Lowcountry for over 40 years. A gifted field ornithologist, Ted was one of the first to conduct breeding bird surveys, was a devoted participant in Audubon Christmas Bird Counts, and a pioneer in bird banding in South Carolina. Ted was particularly interested in colonial wading birds, and was instrumental in the protection of key rookery areas such as Blake's Reserve, Pumpkin Seed Island, Drum Island, and Deveaux Bank. He travelled thousands of miles and banded thousands of birds, at his own expense, during a time when no government agency was willing to conduct this work. His interest in marine birds on Deveaux Bank at the mouth of the North Edisto River led to his discovery of the impact of pesticide-related egg shell thinning in the early 1960's. A nationally recognized expert on the Red-cockaded Woodpecker and Bachman's Warbler, Beckett's work banding the endangered woodpecker in the Francis Marion National Forest was a major contribution to its protection locally. He had observed more Bachman's Warblers, North America's rarest songbird, than any other modern ornithologist.

Always a cheerful teacher and companion, Ted was as eager to assist novice birders in learning common species as he was to discull minutia with the experts. His intellectual curiosity and environmental advocacy will be greatly missed by birders and friends alike.

. . . David Chamberlain

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